

Robert / THE Randal Jun.

Gentleman-Apothecary :

BEING *Carlesque*

A LATE and TRUE

STORY,

Turned out of

FRENCH:

With several

LETTERS.

by Mr Roger L'Estrange

LONDON,

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217

Georgieva, A. V. *Българският*

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THE
Gentleman-Apothecary.

HE Ladies method of *Bleeding*, and *Glysters*, is rarely good without dispute, both for the *Health* and the *Complexion*; but especially *Glysters*; which *Araminte* made often use of; not that they could make her fairer than they only found her, but to preserve those *Beauties* fresh, and charming, which they could not either create or increase.

Once upon a time having given order for this blessed Preservative, and being told by her Woman, that all was ready, she laid her self down upon the Bed in posture to receive it, with wonderful patience expecting the comfortable office; with patience I say, for fretting makes people look old; and all handsome women are under an Oath to be true to their Faces.

The Mistress having disposed her Body,

The Gentleman-Apothecary.

dy, as I told you, (in no very good condition to take notice of what past in the Chamber) away runs the maid (leaving the door open) for a napkin: And, just in the Interim, while she was hunting for a cloth, gently up the stairs comes *Timante*, (a familiar friend of the Ladies) and seeing the passage free, into the Chamber he goes, without discovery.

The first spectacle he encountr'd, was a pair of incompefable Hanches; which put him, for a while, to a stand; partly out of reverence, and partly out of surprize: But in a short time, coming a little to himself, and looking round about him, to see if any body were in the Room, he casts his eye upon a certain Instrument which the maid had left on a Chair by the Bed-side. The Gentleman, very Innocently takes it up, and finding it laden, and his Mark fair, for want of an *Apothecary*, resolves to do the work himself, and so he did; and that so dexterously too, that the best Master of his trade in *Paris* could not have mended it.

Imme-

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 3

Immediately upon the discharge, out slips *Timante* again, as privately as he came in, and no mortal the wiser. *Araminte*, in the mean while, draws up her self within the Curtains, covers all for fear of the worst, and so disposes her self to her Repose.

Timante was no sooner out of the House, but down comes the Maid, post-hast, with twenty excuses in her mouth all the way she came, for making her Mistress wait so long. Well Madam, says she, I am glad however to see your Ladiship keep your self warm; But now, when you please, I am ready for you, and to say the truth, the Glyster was somewhat with the hottest before.

What means this Wench! (cries *Araminte*) wouldst thou have me take two at a bout? Two, Madam? I beg your Ladiships pardon (says the Maid) you have had none at all yet. Prithee no more fooling (cries the Mistress) and let me get this *out*, before I take another *in*; didst not thou thy self give me one just now? Not I, Madam,

4 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

as I hope to be saved, (says the Wench) I have been all this while above in the Garret for a Napkin; but now I perceive your Ladiship has been your own Apothecary, for I see the Bag is empty. Upon my soul not I, says Araminte; but most assuredly I have a Glyster in my Guts, and whoever put it there, was his Crafts-master. The Maid, she swore over and over, that, for her part, she knew nothing on't.

Upon this, they fell to gazing one upon the other in the greatest confusion imaginable, and, without a word speaking, betray'd in the disorder of their Looks the distraction of their thoughts. At last, recollecting themselves, a strict search was made in the Chamber for this invisible Operator, but no creature to be found: Whereupon, they joyntly concluded that it must needs be the Devil, and with one voice cried out by consent that the House was haunted.

This Outcry brought all the Neighbourhood in a trice, into Aramintes Cham-

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 9

Chamber, to learn what was the matter; The Maid told them, they had been troubled with a spirit. *Jesu Maria* (cried the company, crossing themselves) but *what has he done? What has he done?* To this, they could get nothing more out of them than that the Devil was turn'd Apothecary.

By this time, *Aramintes* Physick began to grow troublesome, and the company more so: But she kept all her Gripes and Grumblings to her self, till Flesh and Blood could hold no longer, and then in plain terms desired she might be left a little to her privacy. So soon as ever the Room was clear'd, *Araminte* gave the Devil his Glyster again, and found great ease upon't.

This was a Terrible Bout, but yet not so Terrible, as to fright a Lady from minding her Beauty, and her Pleasure; nor could the Devil himself hinder *Araminte* from dressing, and going abroad that Evening, according to her custom.

While these things past, *Timante* was upon a visit at the House of a great

6 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

great Lady ; whither he went directly from *Araminte*. The fancy of the encounter would not out of his head; and still as he thought upon it, he could not for his blood but blurt out a laughing, till it distasted the company, as if it had been at some of them : - And then, in his own defence, he was fain to discover what it was that made him so merry, that they might not any longer take him for a Person either unmanly, or ridiculous.

In the story of his Adventure he gave them to understand, how that Providence had made him *Apothecary* to one of the finest women in *France*; and so told them all the Particulars, bating only the name of his Patient. This set the Company a laughing, to break their hearts ; and in fine, there never was an Afternoon of pleasanter Conversation. *This must be such a one,* says one ; *or such a one, or such a one,* says another ; and among the rest, *Araminte* came in for her part, whom they pitched upon the rather, both because they knew her to be a great dealer in that

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 7

that kind of Physick, and also that *Timante* came often to the house:

Araminte, you must know, was not of a humour to converse with *Goblins*, and being possessed that her Apartment was haunted, she made all the hast she could to get ready, and abroad; And so out she goes, upon a visit to *Cephise* (the Lady of the House where *Timante* then was, and where the Question, I told you of, was still afoot.) Upon her coming into the Chamber, *Timante* was observed to smile, and change colour; which fortified the Company in their conjecture, that *Araminte* was the concealed Party. *Cephise* received her with great Complement, and civility, and being a Person that was Priviledged by her Birth, and Quality, to talk her Pleasure, (after several pretty things spoken in favour of *Araminte's* Dress, and Person) I'le lay my Life, Madam, (says *Cephise*, slyly enough) that you have taken Physick to day, for methinks I read it your Complexion. *Araminte*, with a blush, dissembled the matter

8 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

matter as well as she could : and *Timante* answered that blush with another, and a smile into the bargain, which he could not forbear, though he bit his Lips heartily to suppress it ; so that he was forc'd to turn off to the Window , for fear *Araminte* should take notice , and imagine the cause of it. These circumstances, being laid together ; confirmed the Company more and more ; and when they had chatted away the Evening till 'twas time to break up, they went every one their way, abundantly satisfied, that they knew the *Patient* now, as well as the *Apothecary*.

Not long after this, there was a report all over the Town, that the Devil had given *Araminte* a Glyster; and this was long of her own Woman, that first told it in confidence to a friend of hers, and thence it past from hand to hand, till it came to *Araminte* her self at last : And it was so publick, that she could not go abroad for being pointed at in the streets. But this Rumour lasted not long, before *Timante* supplied the Devils

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 9

Devils place in the Story, as the more probable, and credible Relation of the two.

Timante was now upon a ticklish point; if he should give over visiting as he was wont, it might be taken for granted that the Report was true: And on the other side, if he should go, and be charg'd upon it, he had no way to come off, but by a flat denial of the Fact, in which case, evidence would be given against him out of his own mouth. Upon this deliberation he resolved however to go; but upon the very instant of setting his foot within the door, he fell into so strange an apprehension of her displeasure, such an irresolution of mind, and so wonderful a trembling of the heart, as made him suspect himself to have a greater kindness for her than he was aware of; which troubled him the more, because he knew she had a Servant already, one *Licandre*, who was then in the Country.

In this disorder, up he goes to *Araminte's* Chamber, in whom he found

10 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

found a thousand Graces and Advantages which he had never taken the least notice of before; (for let but a man believe that he loves a Woman, or that he ought to love her, and it is enough to make him hang himself in his Garters for her.) This surprize kept him for a while in silence, and at gaze: and *Araminte* on the other side stood stone-still, with her eyes fixt on the ground, in the greater confusion perchance of the two.

Timante durst not look his *Mistress* in the face, nor *Araminte* her *Apothecary*; and for some half a quarter of an hour there past not a word; no not so much as a look between them, to signifie what they would have been at, if they could have spoken. In the conclusion, *Araminte* brake the Ice, and with a side-look, *Timante*, (says she,) *There is something that I take very ill at your hands.* And — But there she stopt; which *Timante* observing; Madam, says he, I cannot imagine what you should take ill from me, who (I solemnly swear) never had any other intention

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 11

tention than to serve you. But there are Services, she replied, which I should be loth to receive from Timante; and I need not tell you neither of what Quality they are. I would I had ever been so happy, Madam, as to have served you to your satisfaction, says Timante, that I might distinguish betwixt the services you like, and those that displease you. The services I like (says Araminte) are not of the nature of those you have render'd me. (These words brought the blood into her Cheeks; but Timante went on, as if nothing had been:) Alas Madam! says he, The services that I have render'd you! It has been the design, I must confess, of my whole life to serve you, but I was never yet blest with any opportunity of doing it. For that, says Araminte, you'll make hard shift rather than want an opportunity. He that never found it, says Timante, must needs want it; neither do I desire it, but in order to your service: And — Here Araminte interrupting him, 'Tis possible, says she, that opportunity may put it

12 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

into your power to do me a service that I should hardly thank you for ; and it may be that has been the very case already. If it has , Madam, (says Timante) 'tis however more than I know. Come, come, (says Araminte, raising her voice) let's have no more jugling ; I know well enough what you have done, and that you have done enough to make me abhor you. If I have served you, Madam, as you suppose, why, says Timante, should you abhor me , or take it amiss that I have served you ? And yet , says Araminte , I do take it ill, exceedingly ill. I cannot think (says he) that this comes from your heart ; if I have done you a service, methinks you should rather give me a Reward than a Rebuke. Do not you know , says Araminte , (after a little pause , finding that she could not make him speak home) that there are some services which are never to be presented without asking leave ? For my own part , says he , I reckon those to be the Noblest services which are performed without talking of them. To ask

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 13

ask leave, savours too much of vanity, and ostentation, in publishing the matter before-hand; and it proves many times but a vain pretence to what we are never able to compass. Nay, further, says he, It is still more generous for a man to conceal himself, not only in the doing of a service, but if it may be, even for ever after the service is done. *That's no more, says Araminta, than I looked for; and you shall do very well to make your self one of the concealed number: For the service here in question is of a quality that better deserves a Rèprehension than a Recompence.* The service, Madam, which I have done you, (says Timante) is doubtless a very extravagant kind of service, if it be as you render it; and that he who has done it is a stranger to it himself. Be so good, I beseech you, as to mind me of it: give me but some hint that I may understand it, and I do assure you, when I come once to know it, I shall not be so mealy-mouth'd as to disown it. (This, he foresaw, would put her to a puzzle: and finding her at a

14 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

loss.) But, Madam, says he, the service you reflect upon, is as little known to your self, I perceive, as to me; and you that received it, can give no better account of it, than I that did it. Go to, go to, says Araminte, we understand one another: and since the service is so dishonourable, that you are resolved not to own it, I shall not give myself the trouble to tell you it. Let it suffice, such a service it was, as will blast your Character among all honest men, and which I shall for ever remember as it deserves. But we were better talk of something else. As Timante was about to reply, she took the word out of his mouth, and said:

Have you not heard lately of a certain Cavalier that gave a Lady a Glyster? Yes, says Timante, (not a little surprized at the Question) I have heard as much, but I can hardly believe it. That's not the point, says Araminte, for true or false, 'tis the same thing to me: but answer me directly, If you had been in that Cavalier's place, what would you have done? Being I was not there, says Timante,

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 15

mante, I cannot say precisely what I would have done, if I had been there, for I do not know in what humour I might have been. Well, says Araminte, but in the humour you are in at present, what would you do, if such an accident should offer it self, this very instant? Shew me the accident, Madam, says he, and I'll shew you the humour; we have other thoughts upon the view of Objects, than we have upon the Fancies of them. If you cannot tell me what you would have done your self, tell me only, says Araminte, what another ought to have done? That, says he, is the greater difficulty of the two; for, Madam, if I know not what I would have done my self, how should I divine what another would have done? I do not ask you (says the lovely Araminte, a little in heat) what you would have done, or what another would have done in the case, but what you or another ought to have done? I am of opinion, Madam, says he (to speak freely) that the respect which becomes us to the Face of a Woman, would be an affront to her Back-side;

16 The Gentleman=Apothecary.

and to quit the place for fear of putting a Bum out of countenance, would appear a very ridiculous thing, and imply a most unmanly want, both of Courage, and Respect. It is not *thereabouts*, Madam, that we are to stand upon Ceremonies, and I should look upon him as a lost man to both Sexes, that should shut his eyes upon so remarkable an occasion. Not but that I could allow the Lady that should be so surprized, to be a little peevish, and out of humour ; and if she could call a man insolent and brutal for his pains, I should not much blame her for't. But yet let me tell your Ladiship, she that understands her self, and knows how the World wags, would never make a serious Bustle about such a Trifle ; but begin the Raillery her self, to prevent others. What are men made for, but to serve women ? And provided they do their duties, no matter upon what occasion. Alas ! Madam, the Part is nice and tender: who knows but one minute more in the cold Air might have cost her her life ? and the Glyster would

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 17

would have been quite spoiled too, for 'twas with the coolest already. You may observe too, that so soon as ever he had done his work, he went his way with all the gentleness imaginable. Now where's the crime of all this I beseech you? unless a man shall be condemn'd for good Nature; or for the discretion of improving the opportunity of serving a fair Lady, when 'tis offer'd him? This is my sense, Madam, and what I should have done in the place of this Gallant; and what I conceive any other man ought to have done, upon the like occasion.

This discourse put Araminte several times to the blush, which by twenty little shifts, of looking another way, and the like, she kept from Timante as much as possible. And when he had done, well, says she, *If this be your sense, I can assure you, 'tis none of hers that's concern'd in the Story; she abominates the man, and knowing you to be one of the dearest Friends he has in the world, I am to charge you, in her name, that you never look her in the face*

18 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

again, nor come where she is to be seen. This I have in commission to tell you, and that it will be your best course to do that of your self, which you will be otherwise forced to. This menace (says Timante) signifies nothing to me, but for your sake I submit; provided only that you tell me who this charming Creature may be. I have not the gift of divination, Madam: How shall I be able to avoid I know not whom? By this order of yours, I am never again to look upon any Woman that's handsome, for fear it should prove that excellent Person whose sight I am forbidden. No, no, Madam, you have too much goodness and justice (I am confident) to impose any thing so severe and unreasonable.

If the renouncing of the whole Sex, in exchange for the blessing of your particular favour, and conversation, may content you, I will frankly oblige my self, never to see the face of any Woman besides your self, and reckon my self a gainer too by quitting all the scatter'd Graces that are to be found in

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 19

in womankind, for the concurrence of them all, in one and the same person. You ask a thing not to be admitted (says Araminte) for the injur'd Lady and my self, have so much one Interest, and one soul, that it is impossible to please the one, with what displeases the other: wherefore I do absolutely require it of you, that from this moment, you never see me, nor speak to me again, to your lives end. This is barbarous (cries Timante, a little disturb'd) to punish a man so bloodily, for a fault he never committed, and for a persons sake too that he never disobliged. Tell her she's unjust. And — Enough, enough of this, (says Araminte) and too much too, unless 'twere better. You have done more than you'l confess, and the Lady you call unjust, knows well enough who was the doer of it. No matter for particulars; you understand them better than we can tell you. All I have more to say on my Friends behalf, is to advise you to govern your Tongue, or there will be ways found to govern it for you: Ways, which my Friend hath hitherto forborn, for

20 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

reasons best known to her self. Never think to put off the matter, and cry, 'Twas none of you. I tell you the contrary. You were seen when you went out of the house: Or, say no body had seen you, How could you imagine, that what you your self had talked of so publickly, should not come to the Ladies own ear at last? Come, come, (says she with a sigh) consider what you have done: Think on't, and so fare you well to all eternity. With these words in her mouth, out she goes into the next room, and locks her self up in her Closet.

Timante was now at leisure to reflect upon what had past, and concluding within himself; either that all was discovered already, or would be very suddenly; he resolved to make the best of a bad game, and rather to put it off with Merriment, and good Humour, than either to excuse or deny it. When he had a little bethought himself, and finding Ink and Paper upon the Table, so pat to his purpose, he drew over a Letter which he left upon the Table, against the Hangings, so much

much in sight, that there was no coming into the Room, without seeing it, and so went his way, not doubting but it would fall into the right hand; and that so soon as ever he was gone, *Araminte* would come out of her Closet again into the Chamber. He was scarce out of the door, but in comes *Neophile*, a jolly Lass, and one of *Timante's* intimate acquaintance: the first thing she cast her eye upon, was *Timante's* Letter, which without any scruple she presently took up, and read it from one end to t'other; (for these frolick wenches, you must know, are privileged to do any thing.) This Letter put *Neophile* into so violent a fit of laughing, that the noise of it fetch'd *Araminte* out of her Closet, to know the business: and upon that, *Neophile* read it over again, and laughed more and more. *Prithee, what's the meaning of all this?* (says *Araminte*) Only a Paper that I found here upon the Table (says *Neophile*) which I suppose you are very able to give a good account of, if you please. *Not I, upon my life*

22 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

life (says Araminte) I never so much as saw it. Go to, go to, (says Neophile, with a roguish smile) let's have none of these disguises among Friends. 'Tis true, here's none of *Araminte's* name to this Paper, but here's the History of a certain Adventure of hers, deny it if you can. Come, come, Prithee do not pretend to make that a secret to me, that the whole world is ready to make an oath of. This made *Araminte* change colour, and yet she could have been as free with *Neophile* as with any body: but still she protested over and over, that she knew nothing at all of the Paper; and she had neither read it, nor seen it.—Why then says *Neophile*, it is but reason you should have the reading of it: There 'tis. And *Araminte* read as follows.

THE

THE
APOTHECARY
TO HIS
Fair PATIENT.

Madam,

By the manner of your Discourse about the Glyster, I perceive you are not willing to tell me all you know; and I must be put to conjure for the rest: which for your sake I am content to do, and to spare you the trouble of speaking, what you are afraid to make me understand. But after this, I beseech you, Madam, let us hear no more of Complaints, and Reproaches,

24 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

proaches, as if I wanted either Kindness, or respect. And yet now I am coming to the point, I am a little doubtful, whether you would rather have me entertain you, under the name of a Third Person, as you did Me, or address my self to a Third Person, when I speak to You. For my own part, I am clearly for plain dealing among Friends; and for treating You (now the vizor is off) as if I were He, that did the good Office you wot of, and your self she that received it. Yes, yes, Madam; This is the naked truth of the Case; and I my self am the happy man who had the honour to do that service to the most delicious piece of Womans

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 25

mans Flesh in Nature. A service, that was both seasonable, and expected: A service that was both given, and taken, with all the Civility imaginable: A service, I say, presented upon the Knee, with Reverence, and with Silence; and managed with so generous a Moderation, that notwithstanding the utmost force of Charms, and Appetite, I gave my eye alone the benefit of the Accident. You are too just, Madam, and too wise, to take a Service for an Offence; and the first undoubtedly, of the Sex, that ever quarrel'd any man for ministering an advantage to her Beauty.

This

This Letter, though pleasant enough to any body else, could not draw so much as one smile from *Araminte*. All she said upon't, was (coldly to *Neophile*) that she believed the Letter belonged to *Neophile*, and was not found, as she pretended, upon the Table (not but that she knew well enough by the Contents, that it came from *Timante*; only she was loth to own what had befaln her.) *Neophile* on the other side, kept her ground, and shew'd *Araminte* that the Ink was not yet dry; and that the Letter was of the same Paper with that on the Table; and followed her so close, that at last *Araminte* had nothing left to say, but that it was all one to her, if it were written on that very Table, and with her Ink and Paper, so long as she never saw the Letter, nor knew in the least, to whom it was intended, or any Creature that had been engaged in such an adventure. *Neophile*, perceiving that *Araminte* was a little gravell'd, and taking for granted that the Story was true, in

pure

The Gentleman=Apothecary. 27

pure pity to her Friend, chang'd her Discourse ; but yet so ordered the matter, (as she was notably good at Fishing) that she got all out of her before they parted, and made her self of her particular confidence. And now was the time to reason her Friend out of that insociable melancholy that possest her, into a better temper.

Prithee *Araminte* (says *Neophile*) leave tormenting of thy self, (for a pittiful busines of I know not what) to make sport for other people: Dost thou not think we should have a comfortable world on't, if every Woman that has had her Back-side turn'd up, should be of this humour ? I would not advise thee neither, directly to confess the thing ; nor would I have thee so positively to deny it ; but e'ne fairly pass it over, betwixt jest and earnest.

Araminte found this to be wholsom Counsel, and within two days, received from *Timante*, (who durst not come himself) this following Letter.

Timante

T I M A N T E
T O T H E
Cruel A R A M I N T E.

I Do not know what you may think of the Letter I left you the other day upon the Table ; but you are much to blame , if you do not take me to be a very honest civil Fellow for my pains : First , in going to the Devil upon your Errand , to learn that which you would have me know , and yet durst not tell me your self . And then , to plead guilty , of my own accord , to a Charge which you could never have

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 29

have proved : And all this for your satisfaction.

The last time I had the honour to see you, you were extreamly angry with me for my Curiosity ; but let me tell you now, for your Consolation, that you are abundantly revenged upon me, in my Love. To tell you the plain troth, I am neither better nor worse, than stark mad, for a certain Woman, that within these eight and forty hours, bad me never look her in the face again. If you be the person, it is not my part to mind you of it, but on the contrary, to try if I can make you forget it. I am perpetually beating my brains, which way to make my peace with you, and my passion acceptable to you : But then, methinks, for a Lady of your quality

30 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

lity to cast her eyes upon a wretched Apothecary, were a most unreasonable thing; and yet you are to consider, Madam, that I am an Apothecary that chuses his Patients, and ministers only to fair Ladies: Witness the incomparable Araminte, who knows this to be a truth, past dispute, or contradiction. And where's the Cavalier now, that does not wish himself an Apothecary in my place? Tell me for goodness sake, Madam, how I am with you, and when I may see you, that I may tell you again, when you your self shall see, at your feet, the most faithful, and passionate of all Mortals.

Timante.

This

This way of fooling pleased Araminte well enough, and set Timante, by little and little, upon better terms with his Mistress, (who, you must know, was too much a Christian, to carry malice in her heart against any man that had Wit in him, and good Humour.) But as to the answering, either of this, or of any other Letter, for the future, she was utterly against it, till all should be gone and past, for fear of reviving the story.

But this would not serve Timante's turn; for his business was to possess Araminte with a sense of his passion, and to shew her that it was above all discouragements. So that let her reply, or not, his resolution was to write on at a venture, which he did a while after, as follows.

C 2 13 Timante

and before I go to you and T
easure it in my heart, I know how
T L M A N T E
To the Fair and Speechless
A R A M I N T E.

WHAT? not one poor word left
to cast at a dog? Never,
never to see Araminte again? nor
so much as to hear from her? ten
thousand Catarrhs and Gouts, up-
on the Eyes and Fingers that were
the causes of it. And all this for-
or sooth, for having my eyes in my
head; and for seeing those Delica-
cies which you your self set before
me: for doing the very thing which
you your self call'd for, and wai-
ted for; only it was done (as it ap-
pears) by a wrong hand. Is not
this

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 33

this a goodly cause of Banishment,
think you? A very worthy ground
of ruining a poor Devil, Body and
Soul, that loves you, as if Hea-
ven and Earth would come together.

Pray let the party offended speak
for it self, and do not you com-
plain at some end, for a kindness
done to the other. I will say; alms-
dole w But this is all a man gets for his
good will. Well, well: go on if
you please, and make me turn Apo-
thecary in good earnest. I shall
not want fair Customers, never
doubt it, when the world shall un-
derstand, that my first Trial of
skill was upon your sweet Ladi-
ship. Do not provoke me, but be
kind, and wise in time. For in my
whole practice, if ever I meet with
the fellow of the sight you shewed

C 3 me

34 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

me, I shall most certainly revolt.
Till then you are to expect the Per-
secution of my Letters, and after
that day, not a syllable more, from
Timante, while your eyes are
open.

Timante found this Raillery, not
amiss; but still she kept to her Reso-
lution of making no return, which
put **Timante** upon this other Letter.

My dear Sir,
I have had the pleasure of receiving
yours, and am very sorry to find
you are not well. I hope you will
soon recover, and that you will
not let me know when you
will be ready to receive me again.
TIMAN-

*T*IMANTE
TO THE
Fair ARAMINTE,
If she be above grouud.

THough you have plagu'd me most damnabley, yet I can have the Charity to forgive you, if you be dead; but look for no quarter at my hands, if it shall be your lot to be found among the living. To make such a pudder about a Glyster? As if it had been Gun-shot. I must see You no more, it seems, because I saw That, which neither saw me, nor knows me, nor ever took any thing ill from me; not indeed,

indeed, any thing at all from me,
but as the lawful Deputy of the
Chamber-Maid. It is not well, to
trouble your self so much with what's
done below-stairs; and by your own
own fretting, and fuming, to make
that so hot in the mouth, that was
so cool and comfortable in the belly.
I could say somewhat more than
you are aware of, perchance, in a
business of which I was an eye-wit-
ness; and revenge my self that
way upon you, If I would give my
mind to it. But Basto.

If you be really dead, I do not see
why any thing of this should trouble
you; but if you be alive, faith,
recal your commands, and let me
live too; for there is nothing surer,
than that your Kindness, or Cru-
elty, is the Life or Death of
Timante.

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 37

This Letter wrought no more upon *Araminte* than the rest; and *Timante* quickly found that writing would never do his business; so that some other course was now to be thought upon, for the making of his Peace with his Mistress: and no way better, than by engaging *Neophile*; (which was his next work) who he knew could do anything she pleased, with *Araminte*. Upon the opening of his heart to her, she promised him fair, and you shall now see how she proceeded.

She got *Timante* to her house, upon a certain time when *Araminte* was to make her a Visit; and there she placed him behind the Hanging, within hearing. *Araminte*, says she, *I have a request to make you, and you must promise me before-hand not to deny me.* *Araminte* past her word, that she would not; and immediately upon that, *Neophile* presents *Timante* to her, for her pardon, and begs of her, that for the time to come, she should allow him the honour of waiting upon her,

38. The Gentleman-Apothecary.

as formerly he had done. No body loves you, Madam, better than I do, says Neophile, and you shall never repent the entertainment of so cheerful and ingenious a Conversation. Timante seconded this mediation of Neophile, upon his knees, with all expressions of Tenderness, Passion, and Humility imaginable. It was a pretty while before Araminte could recover her self from the Confusion this surprize had given her, and just as she was about to reply, she was struck dumb again; for she could not look Timante in the Face, without reflecting that he had looked upon her, elsewhere: upon which thought, she stood, for a good while, with her eyes fix'd upon the ground, and without one syllable speaking. But upon farther consideration, she resolv'd to break through all these fantastical scruples, and to say something to Timante, who was all this while upon his knees, in expectation of her Answer.

Timante, (says she) Neophile is my friend, and for her sake I am content

to pardon all that's past; for 'tis not pos-
sible I should hate any thing that ap-
pears under her protection. Wherefore I
do once again assure you, that whatever
is past, shall be forgotten as if it had
never been. But I must now conjure
you on the other side, that you never
see me again; and this I am sure you
will not refuse me, at least if you love
me, as you say you do; or if you have
any respect for my Peace, and Credit;
for I perceive I shall never be able to
look upon you, but with shame, and
trouble. It is upon this condition, that
I pardon you the affront you have done
me; and I shall judge of your Affection,
by your Obedience.

Ah Madam, says Timante, would
you have me promise you an impossi-
bility? To bid a man shew his Love
by his Indifference, is to bid him Love
and not Love at the same time.

The very soul of Love is the pre-
sence of the beloved Object: take
away That, and Love is rather a Dis-
ease, than a Comfort. But how many are
there, says Araminte, that gratifie their
Passions,

40 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

Passions, at all distances, with the very contemplation, and desire of what they love? By your fair leave, Madam, says Timante, he that lives in *Desire*, lives in *Torment*: But however, be it as you please, whether my life shall be happy, or miserable; I shall not want strength, and obedience, to carry this Passion with me to my Grave. Do as you say then, said Araminte, and you will oblige me, in suffering for me. It shall be so, Madam, (says Timante) with a passionate sadness in his Countenance. But is it not possible, that time — No more *Questions*, says Araminte, but let it suffice, that you will please me, if you obey me: And let me tell you, that he that comes once to please his Mistress, is in a fair way to gain her. Timante, finding that matters went better than he expected, prest the business no further; but passing his word for his obedience left the rest to Time, and good Nature. On the other side, the lovely Araminte was so well satisfied with Timante's manner of proceeding, both upon the point

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 41

point of *Affection*, and *Respect*, that she told him, so soon as the talk was over, he might visit her again; and that for her part, when the world should have forgotten his *Fault*, she would not be the last should remember it. Upon this they parted; and *Timante* took his leave. *Araminte* staid not long after; but not a word this bout to *Neophile*, of any disposition she found in her self to favour the person, whom but just now, she so violently hated.

It seems by the discourse, that the *Apothecary* and his *Patient* began now to understand one another; which *Neophile* took notice of too; and within a few days, brought her friend to confess as much. At which time, *Licandre*, (a profest *Servant*, though no great *Favourite* of *Araminte's*) came out of the Country, where he had been upon some earnest business. At his Return, he was welcom'd with the story of the *Glyster*; which, instead of diverting him, put him (being extremely jealous, and hot-headed) into the most extravagant rage imaginable.

No.

42 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

Nothing would serve him, but he must be reveng'd upon Timante ; and that too, not without reproaching Araminte (how innocent soever;) which he did sufficiently, the first Visit he made her.

You are in good health, I hope, Madam, says Licandre. In very good health Sir, I thank you, replys Araminte. Yes, Madam, says he, I make no question of it ; for I understand you are in a course of Physick to keep you so. Araminte, that knew his humour perfectly well, and saw what he would be at, made him this careleſs answer, I do not know how you come to be so well informed in my Affairs ; but this I assure you, Sir, that whatever I do, it is not to please you. And yet Madam, says the brutish Licandre, though you have no design to please Me, there are a thousand others that you would be glad with all your heart to please: you would never have taken a Glyster of the firſt comer else. You may be ſure however for your part (says she, with a modest indignation) that

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 43

that 'tis an office I'le never receive from you. And truly Madam, says he, I am not at all ambitious of the honour ; my Rivals it may be, will be glad on't; but for my self I was never cut out for an Apothecary. At a venture, says Araminte, I shall not put that to the tryal. You'l do the better, Madam, says he, for I'm not half so good at it as Timante. I cannot imagine, says she, what it is you drive at. But 'tis enough, says he, that I can. They entertain'd one another at this rate a good while ; and Araminte was so quick upon him at every turn, that Licandre had little joy of that Visit, and so away he went.

This business ran in his head all that night, and early in the morning, up he gets, and away, towards Timante's Lodgings, to watch his going abroad, and demand satisfaction, with his Sword in his hand, which he resolv'd to do, in such a manner however, that it should appear rather a *Casual Encounter*, than a *Formal Duel*. After a matter of an hours waiting, out comes

44. The Gentleman-Apothecary.

comes *Timante*, and *Licandre*, at a petty distance follows him, till they came in a little, blind, unfrequented Alley; and there *Licandre* draws, and runs in upon him, bidding him defend himself. One word was as good as a thousand to *Timante* in such a case, who so behaved himself, that *Licandre* found he was like to have his belly-ful before they parted. They exchanged several Passes, upon equal means; but at last, *Timante* drew blood of his enemy; and it had gone worse with him too, if company had not come in, and parted them.

There was no body took this engagement for any other than a *Ren-counter*, and yet the Combatants durst not trust themselves to the severity of the Law, but thought it their wisest course to shift for themselves, and lye close, till either their peace should be made, or they might fight it out.

You may imagine the different reflections these two Gentlemen past upon the fortune of that day; and that while *Timante* on the one side was trans-

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 45

transported with Joy, for the advantage he had gain'd upon his *Adversary*, and *Rival*, (both in one.) *Licandre*, on the other side was ready to hang himself for the contrary. But the thing that most stuck in his stomach, was, the ridiculous occasion of the *Quarrel*. If the Devil had not possess me, (says he) I should never have brought my *Life*, and *Honor* to the stake, for a *Glyster-pipe*, with a great deal to this effect: And while *Licandre* was in this chafe, and stewing himself in his own grease, *Timante's* employment was to write to his *Mistress*, which he did the same day in these terms.

D

TQ

**TO THE
Invisible FAIR ONE.**

I Am under so absolute a Resolution,
and Necessity of conforming my
Opinions and Affections to yours,
and of loving, or disliking just
as you do; that I cannot say whe-
ther I am the better, or the worse
for my late Success; till I know
how you understand it. If you
take nothing amiss in it, I shall
reckon it a Blessing; if otherwise,
it will turn to my Ruine. I have
been thinking to make you the Pre-
sent of a little Gallantry, for your
Diversion: the fruit of an Idle
Hour or two; But I have check'd
my

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 47
my self again, for fear you should
from that freedom, measure the
Reverence, and Respects of

Timante.

Araminte took this Letter very kindly, but could not yet be prevail'd upon to put pen to paper: only by word of mouth she gave Timante to understand, that she should be glad to have a sight of what he mentioned in his Letter. Which Timante sent her immediately, in company with this which follows.

D 2

TO

T O T H E
Most Charming Creature
In the whole W O R L D.

If the Foolery I now send you should happen to displease you, blame your self, Madam, for commanding it: you will find upon your perusal, that it is a piece written in praise of ---- somewhat that shall be nameless: The Child is not yet Christned? What if we should call it a Panegyrique? Or give it what other name you please. If it makes you merry, I have my end; and for matter of privacy, be assured, that I shall be every jot as tender

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 49

tender of shewing it, as you your self would be, of shewing the subject of it. Rest upon it, Madam, that it shall never go further, for my part, unless you shew it your self. If there be any thing in it that offends you, I am sorry for't, and ready to ask you forgiveness.

After all this, I do not believe you can be so severe, as to make a Quarrel on't, at worst. I have your Commission for what I have done, and if I have done amiss, what would you have more than the Repentance, and Submission of

Timante?

D 3

Ara.

50 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

Araminta could not but smile upon the reading of this Letter, which she ran over with great Impatience to be at that which follows.

I Never was so taken with anything since I was born. Madam, as I was a little while ago, with — you know what. Indeed, take it altogether, for Beauty and good Qualities, I do not believe there is the fellow of it upon the face of the Earth : so plump, so smooth, so well proportion'd. And then for a Complexion, that is to say, for a pure Red and White : All the Roses and Lillies, the Snow and Vermillion that ever were bestow'd upon Ladies Cheeks in Sonnets and Romances, from the

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 51

the beginning of the world to the date hereof, are nothing to't : And all this without the expence of Pocket-Glasses, Powders, Paint, or Patches ; only an innocent wash now and then, and that's all. It's true, the Pretty Creature is as blind as Cupid, but then 'tis as sure too : and if it has no eyes, neither does it want any, because it has nothing to do, but what may be done in the Dark, as well as in the Light : And then the discretion of it is admirable. It is very sparing of speech : It has the wit never to refuse a good thing when 'tis offer'd, and and tells no tales out of School when't has done. It is the Common Reconciler and Rendezvous of both Fools and Philosophers ; and in

one word, the Support, the Comfort, and the Business of Humane Nature.

More might be said Pro and Con, in the case; but this shall suffice. My humble Service, I beseech you, Madam, when you see my noble friend next. I know you may do me a good Office there, if you please; and I am sure you will, if you have that kindness for me, which I wish you may have; especially, when you shall find, that this gayety of Humour has in the bottom of it, the highest degree of Passion, and Respect, that can enter into the Soul of

Timante.

Araminte

M M

Araminte did not well know what to make of the medly of this Letter, for there was somewhat in it, to *laugh* at, and somewhat again to be *angry* at : for Timante's Raillery went too far, when it came to make sport with her Reputation ; and that, she took great offence at. But upon consideration of the Circumstances, and the general heedlessness of those that give up themselves to this drolling humour, she concluded to pass it over, without any more ado.

By this, (as time and friends will do any thing) the King was pacified about the quarrel , upon assurance, that there was nothing of appointment, or premeditation in it: and a place of meeting was agreed upon at the house of one that wished well to both, for the reconciling of the two Combatants ; where they were brought together ; but with the greatest difficulty in the world, to get Licandre thither. When they thought all was well, one of the

Com-

54 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

Company was asking how they came to fall out. *Timante* protested, he knew nothing at all on't, and that *Licandre* who assaulted him, was able to give the best accompt. *Licandre* on the other side, reply'd, that *Timante* was not so ignorant as he made himself: which *Timante* deny'd again, with so many Oaths, and Imprecations, that they all fell upon *Licandre* to tell them what it was. He shifted it off as well as he could, but it would not pass upon the company, that he should set upon *Timante*, and not know a reason for't. It was a long time before they could prevail; but at last, after much earnestness, and importunity, *Licandre* told them in plain terms, that he was jealous of *Timante*, and that he drew his Sword, in vindication of a Lady for whom he had a great honour; which Lady *Timante* had affronted, by giving her a Glyster, upon a mistake. This set the whole Company a laughing, and one of them especially, so much louder than the rest, that *Licandre* in a Rage, and Distraction,

The Gentleman-Apothecary. 55

straction, to see himself made sport of, gave him a box o'th' ear, that made the Hall ring again, as well with the blow, as with the lauhgter. This accident divided the Company presently into parties, some for the Plaintiff, others for the Defendant; and a great many Swords were drawn upon't in a moment. There were some wiser than others, that with much ado parced them; but two or three of the forwardest were wounded first; of which Licandre was one (as a just punishment of his rashness.) The hurt he had received, was very dangerous, and yet the least part of his trouble; for nothing gall'd him so much as to be brought upon the stage, for so silly a businell. Oh how he curst himself. This comes of Caterwalling, with a pox! (says he) the Devil take her, and all that belongs to her, and my self too, when ever I so much as think of her again. Two wounds have I now received for one Glyster.

Araminte was told every syllable that past, and too well acquainted with

56 The Gentleman-Apothecary.

with the Jealousie and Brutality of *Licandre*, to doubt the truth of it. Well, says she, since he's in a vein of swearing, I'll make one Oath too; which is, never to see the eyes of him again, if I can avoid it.

Just as *Araminte* had taken up this Resolution, in comes *Neophile*, on the behalf of *Timante* to treat of Marriage, wherein she was not only free, as to the disposing of her self, but by obligations of Honour, Reason, and Inclination, induc'd to a Complyance. Beside, that *Licandre* was now lost with her to all intents and purposes.

This accident of the *Glyster* struck a great stroke in the Match, for *Araminte* look'd upon that familiarity with a Womans Back-side, to be a kind of Conjugal Prerogative; and reckon'd upon it (effectually) as so much in hand, in part of Matrimony: which follow'd not long after; without any regard to the unfortunate *Licandre*, who lay bed-rid all this while; and in torments both of Body and Mind, not to be conceiv'd. It was a

won-

wonderful thing, the operation of this Glyster, for it wrought upon the very *Heart* of *Araminte*, and brought two persons together, that had before seen one another, a thousand, and a thousand times, the ordinary way, without ever dreaming of any such matter. This story of the *Apothecary* and his *Patient*, serv'd for Raillery, and Entertainment to the *wits*, a long time after; but without any thing of Scandal, or Reproach; for they were both of them very excellent Persons; and all that could be made on't was this, that *Timante* had done his work so well, he deserv'd his wages.

F I N I S.

कर्मानुषेष्ठा-मनुष्योऽपि

21 M. A.

